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UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS

EPISODE #53

FEBRUARY 23, 1933

THURSDAY

ORCHESTRA: RANGER'S SONG.

ANNOUNCER: "UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS"

ORCHESTRA: QUARTET

ANNOUNCER: The National Forests were created for the use and enjoyment of all. Their resources, - timber, water, forage and recreation, - are worth billions of dollars to the nation. Every citizen is a part owner of these resources and therefore personally interested in their protection and wise use... Well, winter still has the Pine Cone National Forest District in its icy grip, and the mountain summits are deep in snow. Today Ranger Jim Robbins and his assistant Jerry Quick are busy at the Pine Cone Ranger Station on plans of work for the coming season. Little do they know what the events of the day will bring forth, and the vital part they will be called upon to play in a drama of life and death. -- Let's see now what they are doing -

(TYPEWRITER --- STEADY CLICK OF WRITING)

JERRY: (MUTTERING AS HE TYPES) We - can - use - at least -
one - hundred - unemployed - men - on - forest - work
- in - the - Pine - Cone - Ranger - District
(TYPEWRITER STOPS) hum, let's see now! What's
this -

(STAMPING OF FEET ON PORCH - SOUND OF DOOR CLOSING)

JIM: (COMING IN) Br-r-r-uh! She's sure frizzley outside
today!

JERRY: Where have you been, Jim?

JIM: Oh, just out smelling the weather.

JERRY: (LAUGHING) How's she smell?

JIM: Not so good. Looks like there's another snow
storm brewing up there over the divide - the wind's
coming up, too. It's going to be nasty weather, I
guess.

JERRY: Lucky it isn't summer time or we'd probably get a
thunder storm and a bunch of lightning fires.

JIM: Yeah. That's one good thing about the winter, - it
gives a man a chance to get on his feet again after
wearing himself to a frazzle fighting fire all
summer.

JERRY: Is fire fighting what makes all the old rangers
gray haired, Jim?

JIM: Well, that's one of the things.

BESS: (OFF) Jim, I'm all ready!

JIM: Eh - h What?

BESS: (UP) I'm all ready to go!

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Well, you're sure dolled up, all right.
oughta knock 'em dead.

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(2) The second is the fact that the number of cases of disease is increasing.	1000
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(20) The twentieth is the fact that the number of cases of disease is increasing.	1000

BESS: Now, Jim!

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Where are you going, anyhow?

BESS: Jim Robbins, you know I told you I was going to the ladies aid society's bridge party this afternoon.

JERRY: Do they play contract, Mrs. Robbins?

BESS: Well, no, we mostly play auction. Those new contract rules --

JIM: (CHUCKLING) The new contract rules never bother me. I just play them as they come.

BESS: Yes, and get set every time. (TO JERRY) Jim's a terrible bridge player, Jerry, - why, he doesn't even know what a quick trick is.

JIM: 'Taint so. Why I nearly made a grand slam in spades the other night, - when I was "susceptible" too.

BESS: Suscepitble? (LAUGHS) Vulnerable, you mean, Jim.

JIM: Eh? What? -- Well, they both mean about the same thing, don't they?

JERRY: Not quite, Jim.

JIM: The only trouble with bridge is there's no deuces wild to make the game exciting.

BESS: Well, do I get the car or -

JIM: (GOING OFF) Sure, sure! Right away, Madam.
(SOUND OF DOOR CLOSING)

JERRY: I'll help you with your coat, Mrs. Robbins. -- Say - look nice today -- like my mother.

BESS: (SOFTLY) Thank you, Jerry.
(SOUND OF MOTOR OFF)

JERRY: There's the car. Have a nice time and -

BESS: (LAUGHING) I know just what you're going to say - and don't trump your partner's ace. (BOTH LAUGH)

BESS: (GOING OFF) Good-bye.

JERRY: Good luck! (TO HIMSELF) -- Gee, I forgot to write my mother yesterday and she'll be expecting a letter --
(SOUND OF DOOR CLOSING)

JIM: (COMING IN) Well -- How's the report coming, Jerry?

JERRY: Pretty nearly finished, Jim. I'm having a little trouble, though, making out some of your writing.

JIM: What's the matter with my writing?

JERRY: Oh, I guess it's all right -- only some of the words aren't spelled like Webster.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Yeah, but just remember, young fellow, I didn't write my own dictionary. (BOTH LAUGH)

JERRY: Say, Jim, -- how are you ever going to use a hundred more unemployed men in this district?

JIM: That's easy. There's lots of work they can do. While the snow's on the ground they can burn brush on the timber sale areas, and fell old dead trees that throw sparks all over the country when they catch afire.

JERRY: Yes, and there's planting, too, that ought to be done this spring on that big burn we had last year.

JIM: Yep, and roadside clearing and cutting firebreaks through the brush, and building trails, and cleaning up camp grounds for the public. There's plenty of work to keep them busy.

JERRY: (ENTHUSIASTICALLY) Why, I bet on the hundred and fifty National Forests scattered all over the United States we could use 75 thousand unemployed men, Jim.

JIM: Well, the Forest Service used a heap of them last year, - nearly 30,000 men, Jerry, and we could use a lot more this season if we have enough funds.

JERRY: That'd sure be a godsend to fellows out of a job that have a wife and kids depending on them.

JIM: Yes, it should help a lot, Jerry, if everyone pitches in and does his part. -- But let's get that report cleaned up.

JERRY: What's the big rush about it?

JIM: I've got to get it to the Supervisor tonight so that he can send the report for the whole National Forest to the regional headquarters by air mail - it's a rush job.

JERRY: Okay!

(SOUND OF TYPEWRITER -- A FEW CLICKS)

JIM: While you're working on that, I think I'll saddle up Dolly and take a look at our telephone line to Blue Lake - it must be grounded somewhere -- I could hardly hear Ranger Patterson this morning when he called.

JERRY: Okay Jim, -- I'll have this report ready for you when you get back.

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(SOUND OF HORSES HOOFS - SHARP ON FROZEN GROUND - CONTINUING THROUGH FOLLOWING)

JIM: (TALKING TO HORSE) Take it easy, girl. Whoa - up! Watch your step. The footing's mighty slippery. Lucky I had you sharpshod.

(HORSES HOOFS SLOW DOWN TO A WALK)

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JIM: Darn that telephone line. It would have to go haywire in winter with the thermometer down to zero -- huh, Dolly? -- What you sniffing at, Dolly? Oh, I see - someone's coming.
(SISTANT HORSES HOOFS COMING UP RAPIDLY)

SAM: (OFF) Hello, Jim.

JIM: Hello! -- Blamed if it isn't Sam Riggs - (HORSES HOOFS STOP) Hody, Sam! Didn't know you - all bundled up and with those icicles hanging from your whiskers.

SAM: (UP) What ya doin' up here, Jim?

JIM: Just hunting down a short in the telephone line, Sam. What are you out for?

SAM: I'm lookin' for cattle. Some of mine broke out of the feed lot - Seen any?

JIM: Nary a critter, Sam.

SAM: Huh, I knowed it. Just my luck. -- Looks like we're goin't have a storm, don't it?

JIM: It sure does look bad.

SAM: Uh-huh -- Guess I'd better be traveling, Jim.

JIM: Me, too, Sam. See you later. (CLUCKS TO HORSE)
(CALLS) Take care of yourself, Sam.
(SOUND OF HORSES HOOFS BEAKING INTO THOT AND FADING OUT)

SAM: (OFF) Adios.
(HORSE'S HOOFS - SLOW THOT - AND FAINT SOUND OF WIND GRADUALLY INCREASING IN VOLUME THROUGH FOLLOWING)

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JIM:

(TALKING TO HORSE) I don't like the sound of that wind, Dolly. -- Look at those black clouds. -- It sure gets dark early these days, doesn't it? -- Let's see if I can get at my watch. -- whoa -- watch it, old girl. -- Doggon but my fingers are cold. -- Huh, it's four o'clock already. What's the matter -- hear something, Dolly? -- whoa --

(HORSES HOOFS STOP - FAINT DRONE OF AIRPLANE MOTOR IN DISTANCE) (CHUCKLES) Oh, yeah -- I get you -- it's the air mail coming over the divide - four o'clock sharp every day. -- Those boys buck the blizzards up there in the clouds -- we rangers buck 'em down here on the ground. Huh, Dolly? (SOUND OF AIRPLANE MOTOR INCREASING IN VOLUME - WIND UP) He don't seem to be making much headway, Dolly. -- Wow, did you see that sideslip he took - the wind must be terrible up there - look, it's tossing him around - like a leaf in a millrace - he'll never get through - buckin' this storm. (WITH FEELING) I know that pilot, Dolly, - good friend of mine. -- Bill's his name. -- He used to fly forest fire patrol for us - five thousand hours in the air he has to his credit. --uh huh. -- I've been up with him many a time. (EXCITEDLY) Hey, look, Dolly, look there! -- something's wrong. -- Maybe his engine's missing. -- Nope he's swinging 'round and heading back - across the divide. (SOUND OF AIRPLANE MOTOR DYING OUT- WIND UP) He's going to try to get back to Mountain Airport, Dolly. -- A hundred and fifty miles to go -- and it's almost dark now. --

They won't be expecting him, either. -- By gosh, he'll never make it! God help him! -- We've got to do something, Dolly. -- Yep, we've got to do something. (PAUSE) I've got it -- and you've got to help me, old girl. (CLUCKS TO HORSE) -- Dolly, old girl, if you ever traveled in your life - do it now. (HORSE'S HOOFS BREAKING INTO SHARP GALLOP) Stretch out, Dolly -- that's it -- we've got to save Bill. (GOING OFF) -- He's a friend of mine, Dolly --

(HORSES HOOFS FADE OUT. WIND INCREASING TO GALE)

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(FADE IN WITH HORSE'S HOOFS COMING UP IN MADE GALLOP)

JIM: (JERKY VOICE) Whoa, - Whoa, girl - slow up - we're here, Dolly -- Whoa! (CALLS) Hi, Jerry!
(SOUND OF DOOR OFF)

JERRY: (OFF) That you, Jim?

BESS: (OFF) My, but it's dark!

JERRY: (COMING UP) Something's wrong - look the horse is all in a lather.

BESS: (COMING UP) (EXCITED) Why, Jim! what's the matter?

JIM: (HORSELY) Jerry - call - Willow Glen - Long Distance. Tell 'em - to get - Mountain Airport. -- Quick!

JERRY: Okay (GOING OFF) I'll have 'em in a minute.

BESS: Jim, what's the trouble?

JIM: (HOARSELY) The air mail. Bill couldn't buck the storm. -- he's headed back - over the divide.

BESS: Oh, Jim, he'll never be able to land in the dark!

JIM: (SOBERLY) That's what I'm afraid of, Bess.

JERRY: (OFF) Mountain airport on the line, Jim, --
waiting.

JIM: All right -- coming --

(SOUND OF HURRIED FOOTSTEPS - DOOR CLOSSES)

JIM: (TO PHONE) Hello! Mountain Airport? Ranger Jim
Robbins speaking - Pine Cone Station -- Hey, the
four o'clock air mail's in trouble. -- Yes, that's
it. -- Bill couldn't buck the storm. -- He's headed
back. -- Watch for him. -- Better light the field
and send up flares. -- Do all you can -- he's only
got one chance in a thousand to find it in this
gale. -- Let me know if -- (TO BESS) They're gone.
(RECEIVER ON HOOK) (WEARILY) Well, Bess, Dolly
and I did some stepping.

JERRY: Shall I put Dolly in the barn, Jim?

JIM: Dolly? Yes, sure. -- Wait, I'll go with you.

(SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS AND DOOR CLOSING) (HORSE NICKERS)

JIM: Good old Dolly, good old girl.

JERRY: Jim, she's trembling - and soaking wet.

JIM: Yes, I know, -- we sure traveled. Rub her down and
blanket her, Jerry, -- and give her an extra feed.
(PATTING HORSE ON NECK) Old girl, you and I have
been pals a long time - many's the tight place you've
brought me through, Dolly, but that run tonight
through this blizzard makes me prouder of you than
ever. (TO JERRY) You know, Jerry, if that air mail
pilot lands safely - the credit all belongs to
Dolly. (GOING OUT) Good old Dolly.
(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(CRACKLING OF WOOD FIRE AND WHISTLING OF WIND OUTSIDE;
THROUGHOUT FOLLOWING)

BESS: Doesn't the fire burn cheerfully tonight?

JERRY: Yes, it's frosty outside - and the wind's blowing.

JIM: (DEEP SIGH) It's sure good to get out of that cold,
and toast the old feet in front of a nice open fire.

BESS: I guess it is, Jim.

JERRY: How'd the bridge game come out, Mrs. Robbins?

BESS: Oh, I won a hand painted cup and saucer.-- See it's
up there on the mantle by the pine cones.

JERRY: Good for you! -- Guess I'll put another stick on
the fire.

BESS: Yes, please do, Jerry. (THUMP OF LOG -SHARP CRACKLE
OF FIRE UP)

JERRY: Want me to get your pipe for you, Jim?

JIM: Eh? - Oh, yes, thanks, Jerry. - I was just thinking
of Bill and his ship - I wonder if he made it?

BESS: The storm's pretty bad - even down here. -- Listen
to the wind rattle the window.

JERRY: It must be terrible up there on the divide.

(TELEPHONE RINGS - LONG AND TWO SHORT)

JIM: (QUICKLY) that the phone? - I'll get it - maybe
it's a message from the airport. (RECEIVER OFF HOOK)
Pine Cone Ranger Station. What? -- Oh, all right!
(RECEIVER ON HOOK) (WEARILY) Just a wrong number.

BESS: You'd better go to bed, Jim, you're tired out.

JIM: Me? - No, not yet, - I couldn't slepp. -- Did you fix
up Dolly, Jerry?

JERRY: You bet. I gave her a hot bran mash - **you** should
have seen her go for it.

BESS: Well, she deserved it - if ever a horse did.

JERRY: I'll say she did.

(TELEPHONE - ONE LONG AND A SHOR)

JIM: (WEARILY) You take it, Jerry.

JERRY: All right. (RECEIVER OFF HOOK) Hello - Jerry
Quick speaking. Oh, sure! - Wait a minute 'til I
get a piece of paper. I'll take it down. -- (TO JIM)
It's Willow Glen calling! They have a radiogram
from the Mountain Airport.

BESS: Oh, I hope it's good news.

JERRY: (TO PHONE) -- Hello - Yes - Yes - Wait - give me
that again - O-o-h! Yes - Yes - Okay -
Thanks a lot. Good night. (SOUND OF RECEIVER HOOK)
Here, Jim, It's for you.

JIM: I- I - (PAUSE) Bess, you'd better read it.

BESS: All right, Jim -- It says: (READING -SLOWLY) "Ranger
Jim Robbins. - Landed safely on lighted field
Mountain Airport six twenty eight tonight - You
saved my life - God bless you, Jim. -- Signed Bill."
(FADE OUT WITH CRACKLING OF FIRE AND WIND UP)

ANNOUNCER: Well, the stage was all set for another air tragedy. But just at that point a kindly Providence took a hand in the game and through Ranger Jim Robbins and his horse Dolly, saved the airmail pilot from certain death. - Rangers are not only the guardians of our forests and waters. The perils and dangers of the wilderness and mountains make them friends of all who are in trouble or in need of help. Ranger Jim Robbin's act is only one of many like incidents to be found in the Forest Service records, for service to humanity is the chief duty of the Forest Ranger.

Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers is brought to you each Thursday as a presentation of the National Broadcasting Company with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service.

DF - 12:15 PM

February 22, 1933

